BV
520
.P7

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

LITURGY

AND

HYMNS

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

PUBLISHED BY THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF
EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE,

No. 2 BIBLE HOUSE, FOURTH AVE., NEW-YORK.

BV520
.P7

Gift
H. L. Blackman
Oct. 1, 1933

1

1058
64

PREFACE.

1. The Church Service was constructed prior to the institution of Sunday-schools, and makes no provision for them; and as this service is presumed to follow, in its integrity, immediately upon the close of the school, it is not deemed expedient to use it, or selections from it, as, aside from their want of adaptation, the portions so selected would be performed by the children three or four times on the Lord's day.

2. Pre-composed forms for conducting the devotional exercises of Sunday-schools are not only more in accordance with our general usages in public prayer, but ordinarily they are deemed better calculated to secure the objects of prayer.

3. Acting on these views, a considerable variety of Sunday-school Liturgies and Prayers has been prepared, which are now in use, and, where attachments are formed, are likely to continue in use; but a large number of those who look to the Society putting forth this work, to furnish the means for conducting Sunday schools, are of opinion that an improved office for conducting their devotional exercises is both necessary and practicable.

4. To meet this demand, the following Office has been prepared, and prepared under a deep sense of the importance and difficulties of the work. It was extensively read in manuscript by Bishops, Presbyters, and Sunday-school Superintendents, distinguished for their knowledge of education, and success in the religious training of the young. It has had the benefit of their full and varied

suggestions, and in its present form has received their approval, so that no further change in this department is expected.

5. It is to be borne in mind that the special work of Sunday-schools is rather that of instruction than of devotion, while at the same time they are not to be conducted without some forms of devotional service. As to the peculiar structure of these forms, it is not probable that any single service could be made which would meet the views of all; some preferring a responsive service, others something after the model of Family Prayers. Experience has shown that the attention of children is best secured and retained by a service in which they themselves bear a continued part.

6. Two forms are set forth in this work; the first responsive throughout, the second but partially so. The second, though placed as for the afternoon, may be used in the morning, at the discretion of the Superintendent

7. Several of the Scripture selections embrace, in a systematic order, certain great truths in our holy religion, which should be first and most deeply impressed on every heart.

8. The HYMN-BOOK has been several years in preparation. It was deemed a work of such importance, that it was first printed for partial use, with a view to ascertain, by experiment in some of our largest schools, what might be needed in order to its completeness. The present issue has had the benefit of this experience, and no further changes are contemplated.

FIRST SERVICE

THE service may commence with a HYMN; after which, let the READER announce as follows: SCRIPTURE SELECTION FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MONTH, or as the Sunday may require.

I. SUNDAY.

A GENERAL SELECTION.

Reader: Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.

Children: *Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

I will hear what the Lord God will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?

As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.

O God! thou art my God. Early will I seek thee.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

II. SUNDAY.

THE FALL AND CONDEMNATION OF MAN.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.

And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy. There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

God is angry with the wicked every day.

Thou, even thou, art to be feared, and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?

What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?

The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.

Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die, and not that he should return from his ways and live?

I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God. Wherefore, turn yourselves, and live ye.

Turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

III. SUNDAY.

REDEMPTION BY JESUS CHRIST.

God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Jesus stood and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.

For I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely.

We have a great High-Priest that is passed into the heavens—Jesus, the Son of God.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

IV. SUNDAY.

REPENTANCE, FAITH, AND JUSTIFICATION.

Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions, saith the Lord God, so iniquity shall not prove your ruin.

What must I do to be saved?

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

How can man be just with God?

By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.

Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God.

Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me.

Know, O vain man, that faith, without works, is dead.

For in Christ neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith, which worketh by love.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

For it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. world without end. Amen.

V. SUNDAY.

PROPHECIES OF CHRIST IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, AND THEIR FULFILLMENT IN THE NEW.

The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots.

Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou

be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel.

Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews?

He is despised and rejected of men.

He came to his own, and his own received him not.

They weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver; a goodly price that I was prized at of them.

And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

Then did they spit in his face and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

When he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing.

They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.

They gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall.

He was numbered with the transgressors.

With him they crucified two thieves.

He hath poured out his soul unto death.

Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the Ghost.

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death.

And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb.

Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

But he, whom God raised again, saw no corruption.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?

I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

THE CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; Wh was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, The third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church, The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

PRAYER.

The Lord be with you. *And with thy spirit.*

LET US PRAY.

O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.
And grant us thy salvation.
O God, make clean our hearts within us:
And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.
Hide thy face from our sins:
And blot out all our iniquities.
Create in us a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within us.

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

O merciful God, we ask thy blessing upon us, thy servants, to whom thou hast committed the work of teaching the young; guide us, O thou good Shepherd of the sheep, that we may be able to guide these lambs of thy flock in the way of life; and give us thy continual grace that we may persevere in the good work which we have undertaken, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Grant this, we humbly beseech thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who, in thine adorable condescension, didst vouchsafe to know the condition of childhood and so hast wonderfully consecrated it in thine own person;

Be thou the guide of our youth, and graciously teach us who have come hither to be instructed in thy law.

As thou wast subject to thy parents and didst increase in wisdom and in favor with God and man,

Give us grace to follow in the steps of thine own blessed childhood by obedience to our parents, teachers, and pastors in the Lord.

O merciful Saviour, as thou, in the days of thy flesh, didst take little children into thine arms and bless them,

So receive us also to the arms of thy mercy and grant us thy salvation.

O Lord, save these children from the fearful sins of profaneness and Sabbath-breaking, and cause them to speak the truth from the heart.

So shall we be undefiled and innocent from the great transgression.

Save them, we beseech thee, from idleness and evil company, and from all sinful actions, sinful words, and sinful thoughts.

Save us, we beseech thee, good Lord.

Cause them to love the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

So will we enter into thy gates with thanksgiving, and into thy courts with praise.

Remember in thy covenant, O Lord, these whom thou hast deigned to receive into thy Church by holy baptism ;

That we may ever have in remembrance the

solemn vow, promise, and profession then made in our name.

Give them grace to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and the sinful desires of the flesh.

So that we may not follow nor be led by them.

May they from the heart believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and be virtuously brought up to lead a Godly and a Christian life;

Following the example of our Saviour, Christ, and being made like unto him.

That, as he died and rose again for them, so may they who have been baptized die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness.

Continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

The School may be closed with a HYMN, or with the following

PRAYER.

O thou gracious Bishop and Shepherd of Israel, tenderly regard these children the lambs of thy fold. Carry them in thy bosom; cause them to know thy voice, to obey thy will, and to follow thy steps. Be with them at all times and in all places. Give them what thy wisdom knoweth to be for their good, nor withhold from them that blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. May they know thee, the only hope of sinners. May they receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save their souls; and, walking in the way of righteousness, may they grow in grace as members of thy Church on earth, while here they live; and when they die, may they be received into thy fold in heaven, there to praise thee, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God world without end. *Amen.*

And now unto thy merciful protection we commit ourselves, praying that the words of thy law, which we have this day been taught, may be ever kept in our hearts, and bring forth fruit unto life eternal. *Amen.*

SECOND SERVICE.

This may be used at the opening of the School in the afternoon, or instead of the first service in the morning, at the discretion of the Superintendent.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

I. SUNDAY.

Reader: Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in thy sight,

Children: *O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.*

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord;

For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness;

According to the multitude of thy mercies, do away mine offenses.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness,

And cleanse me from my sin.

Make me a clean heart, O God,

And renew a right spirit within me.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

II. SUNDAY.

I will magnify thee, O God, my King,

And will praise thy name for ever and ever.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him;

Yea, all such as call upon him faithfully.

He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him.

He also will hear their cry, and will help them

The Lord preserveth all them that love him;

But all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord,

And let all flesh give thanks unto his holy name for ever and ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

III. SUNDAY.

Ask, and it shall be given you. Seek, and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;

For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat;

Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord,

Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;

But he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

IV. SUNDAY.

There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,

Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

They that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh,

But they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit.

The carnal mind is enmity against God;

For it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

To be carnally minded is death.

But to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

V. SUNDAY.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear, the words of this prophecy;

And keep those things that are written in this book, for the time is at hand.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him;

And they also that pierced him, and all the kindreds of the earth, shall wail because of him. Even so. Amen.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth, say, Come; and let him that is athirst come.

And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy;

For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.

And I heard the voice of many angels saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb

that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven and on earth heard I, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.

Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

PRAYER.

The Lord be with you,
And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

O Lord! show thy mercy upon us,
And grant us thy salvation.
O God, make clean our hearts within us,
And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

O Almighty God! whom, in our own strength, we are not able to serve and please, graciously behold us, thy unworthy servants, to whom thou hast intrusted the work of teaching the young out of thy holy word. May we ourselves be taught of the Spirit; and, being filled with zeal for our work, may we prove faithful to the end, that so thy name may be glorified, thy Church enlarged, and true religion and piety be established among us to all generations through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O merciful God! we make our humble supplications before thee in behalf of these children, that as by nature they are all dead in sin, so through Christ they may all be made alive.

Grant that they, receiving with all readiness of mind the lessons of thy word, may be brought to the knowledge of thy grace and faith in Jesus Christ. Grant that all sinful affections may die in them, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in them. Grant that they may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. Let thy fatherly hand ever be over them, to supply their wants for this life, and let thy Holy Spirit ever be with them to guide their feet in the way of thy commandments, and make them living members incorporate in thy holy Church, and heirs through hope of thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

All thanks and praise to thee, Blessed Jesus, that thou hast said Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. All glory to thee for these gracious words. Help these children to come at thy call and receive them into the arms of thy mercy, that they may be pardoned, and sanctified, and saved in the day of thy second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world; and unto thee, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, shall the praise be given, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be

thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all ever more. *Amen.*

The School may be closed with a HYMN, or with one of the following

PRAYERS.

O most merciful God! grant us now thy blessing at the close of our work. Let the seed which has now been sown, be watered with the dews of thy heavenly grace, that it may spring up and bear fruit to thine immortal praise. Make us to be truly of the number of thy blessed flock. Feed us with the pure word of thy truth, and nourish us unto eternal life, that at length we may be gathered with

all thy redeemed ones into thy fold above, and to thee, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, shall be ascribed the praise of our salvation, world without end. *Amen.*

O thou gracious Bishop and Shepherd of Israel! look down in love and pity on all the members of thy universal flock, scattered throughout the world. Save them from every sin; refresh them with thy heavenly grace; protect them by thy providence, and bring them safe to everlasting life through thy name and merits, O blessed Saviour! whom, with the Father and Holy Spirit, we worship as one God, world without end. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all ever more. *Amen.*

PRAYERS.

FOR MEETINGS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Be graciously with us, O Lord! in our present meeting; and may all our counsels be ordered in heavenly wisdom, and crowned with thine abundant blessing. Make us deeply sensible of our great unworthiness to be co-workers with Christ and his ministers in the salvation of souls. Instruct thou us by thy Spirit, that we may know the mind of the Spirit in Holy Scripture. Give us grace and opportunity to continue in the work committed to our trust, that so we may impart of that which we have received, and be thine instru-

ments in leading many into the way of life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

And we beseech thee of thine infinite mercies, O God! to bless the children who are given to our charge. Open their understandings, and dispose their hearts to receive thy truth, which is able to make them wise unto salvation. Awaken in their minds by thy Spirit, a deep sense of their sinfulness, and bring them to ask and receive the mercy which is in Christ Jesus. Let them fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger of soul or body. Grant, if it be consistent with thy wisdom, that their lives may be prolonged on the earth. Prepare them by thy grace to fill, with honor to themselves and usefulness to the world, every station of life to which thy providence shall call them; and let it please thee, O Lord! to raise up from among them those who shall testify for thee in the gospel of thy Son. And when they shall have served thee in their day, may they be gathered into thy kingdom in heaven, there to rest in an eternal Sabbath from sorrow, labor, and care through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O God! who hast commanded that children be brought up in thy fear and service, give thy grace to all parents, sponsors, and guardians, that with all diligence and affection of heart

they may train up the children of their charge in the way in which they should go, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O merciful God! we implore thy special blessing upon thy servant whom thou hast appointed to minister to us in the gospel of Christ; that he may be led by the Spirit, and faithfully serve before thee to the glory of thy name; and that his labors may be abundantly blessed in winning souls to righteousness, and crowned with acceptance in the day of the Lord Jesus. May we have grace to hear and receive what shall be delivered out of thy most holy word, or agreeably to the same as the means of our salvation. These things, and whatever else thou shalt see necessary and convenient for him, for us, and for thy whole Church, we humbly ask through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all ever more. *Amen.*

Grace before Meals.

Bless, O Heavenly Father, we humbly beseech Thee, this provision of Thy goodness to our use, and us to Thy service. Pardon our sins and save our souls, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Grace after Meals.

For this, and all His mercies, the Lord's Holy Name be praised, through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

In Church, (before service.)

Lord, I am now in Thy Church; Teach me to pray to thee, and to understand Thy holy word. Let me join fervently in all the services, and profit by the instruction I shall receive, for Jesus Christ's sake.

In Church, (after service.)

O God, bless what I have heard this day to my good. May the precious truth of Jesus be grafted inwardly in my heart and bring forth in me the fruit of good living, to the praise of Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

HYMNS.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1. S. M.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and led so young
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern
Our ransom cost his blood.

4 And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his Gospel known.

5 Oh! may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

2. III.—3.

1 WHAT a mercy, what a treasure
We possess in God's own word,
Where we read with sacred pleasure
Of the love of Christ our Lord!

2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
Whom our souls so deeply need.
Oh! what mercy, love, and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed!

3 While each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee,
In this happy land, salvation
Clearly is revealed to me.

4 Oh! the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love;
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above!

3. C. M.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

4. III.—1.

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

5. IV.—4.

1 THE Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold!
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ.
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

6. II.—6.

1 WE'LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

2 We'll not give up the Bible
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth and sell it not
For all that we might gain.
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man can do,
And God defend the right!

3 We'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred word
They'll never, never part!

GOD; HIS ATTRIBUTES AND HIS WORKS.

7. L. M.

1 THERE is a God who reigns above,
The Lord of heaven and earth and seas
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he hath made,
To teach us all that we must do;
And his commands must be obeyed,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a Gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come
A thousand children, young as I,
Are called by death to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

8. C. M.

1 MY heavenly Father! all I see
Around me and above
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy boundless love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of thee;
The woods so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the Holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throngs,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds, with their melodious songs,
Repeat thy praises still.

4 Thou mad'st and hearest every one;
Thou also hearest me;
I know that I am not alone
When I but think of Thee.

9. C. M.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends

10. L. M.

1 'TWAS God who made the earth and skies,
Great are the wonders of his hand;
He is more powerful, good, and wise
Than any child can understand.

2 Bright angels bow before his face,
And saints stand waiting round his throne;
And in that holy, happy place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

11. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains
And answer for my guilt.

12. C. M.

1 THE eye of God is everywhere
To watch the sinner's ways;
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe in every part
At once before thee lies;
And every thought and every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love;
And fit us by thy word of grace
To worship thee above.

13. L. M.

1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

14. C. M.

1 TO God, who reigns above the sky
Our Father and our Friend,
To him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

2 'Tis he who claims our youthful hearts;
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we'll think upon his love,
And praise him every day.

3 When we offend against our God,
We'll ask his pardoning love;
'Twas for our sins the Saviour died,
And pleads for us above.

4 With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

15. S. M.

1 TEN thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds, in shady bowers,
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill;
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please our Saviour less.

5 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die,
Oh! teach them all to sing thy praise:
In better songs on high.

PRAISE.

16. III.—3.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine;

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy:
Heirs of endless bliss in heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

17. III.—1.

1 PRAISE to God!—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

3 These to that dear Source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul would raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

18. III.—3.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise

19. C. M.

1 LORD, I would own thy tender care
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I can not draw another breath,
Unless thou giv'st me power.

3 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight
In darkness or in day.

4 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love thee and obey.

20. C. M.

1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more:
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half-naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet
And covered from the cold.

4 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

5 Are these thy favors day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

21. S. M.

1 HOW gracious is my God,
Who gives me more than wealth,
And more than mortals could bestow,
The precious gift of health.

2 That health I would devote
To spread his praise abroad,
And all my youthful powers employ
To love and serve my God.

22. C. M.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty!

2 How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace.
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face;

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring:
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

23. S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The Universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice
And own your gracious God.

24. C. M.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne;
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Toil, trial, suffering still await
Those that compose our throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.

3 Worthy the Lamb, who once was slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

4 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

25. S. M.

1 WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells Eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present our solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

26. VI.—4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth to heaven reply
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 They who surround the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon we shall reach the place
Where we shall never cease
Praising his name;
Then richer songs we'll bring;
Hail him our gracious King,
And thus for ever sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

27. III.—1.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer Death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

28. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

29. L. M.

1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.

2 Children approach, this God is yours:
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
Ye can not want while God endures;
Ye can not fail while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And when in heaven we appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

30. C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Teachers, who surely know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 May we with heaven's rejoicing throng
Before his presence fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

31. III.—5.

1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth;
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*.

4 Oh! though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise!

32. S. M.

1 TO praise the Saviour's name
Let little children try,
While saints and angels do the same
In the bright world on high.

2 His love in heaven is sung,
His name is there adored.
Yet children here, however young,
May learn to praise the Lord.

3 The wonders of that love
No earthly tongue can tell,
Which brought our Saviour from above
To ransom us from hell.

4 For us he wept and bled,
And suffered all his pain,
For us was numbered with the dead,
And rose to life again.

5 And still for us he prays,
And makes our souls his care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
And listens to our prayer.

6 Lord Jesus! grant that we
May know thy saving grace;
On earth thy humble followers be,
In heaven behold thy face.

33. II.—1.

1 O JESUS! thou exalted King,
To thee our offering now we bring:
May we our tongues employ
To swell the song of dying love,
Which ransomed souls now sing above,
While heaven is filled with joy.

2 Thou blessed Lamb that once was slain,
Who bore the cross, endured its pain,
And died on Calvary's hill,
We hail thee as the risen Lord,
Who came, according to thy word,
To do thy Father's will.

3 Then shout aloud in joyful strains,
'Tis Jesus Christ for ever reigns,
High on his throne above;
And may the heavenly choirs on high,
Send back the echo in reply
To this our song of love.

34. IV.—4.

1 COME, children, adore him; come, bow at his feet;
Come, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

2 To the Lamb that was slain, all honor be paid,
And crowns without number encircle his head;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might
Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.

3 Come, children, adore him; come, bow at
his feet,
Come, give him the glory, the praise that is
meet
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

35. C. M.

1 COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come, seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King:
Oh! crown him Lord of all.

3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
Oh! haste! before him fall;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 All hail, the Saviour, Prince of Peace.
Let saints before him fall;
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

36. C. M.

1 A MORNING song to thee we raise,
O everlasting God;
And may our feeble notes of praise
Ascend to thy abode.

2 We praise thee for thy guardian care,
For every earthly bliss,
For all the blessings that we share
In such a land as this.

3 And most of all, we praise thy name
For thy redeeming love;
We praise thee that a Saviour came
To bid our guilt remove.

4 He died to save our ruined race
From everlasting death;
For this we'll celebrate his praise
With every fleeting breath.

37. III.—1.

1 SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright throne above
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre swayed;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God the merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

38. II.—6.

1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend.

His holy soul rejoices
  Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
  Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
  Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
  The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
  He passed unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
  For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
  Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
  Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
  We'll trust his love alone.
Who once slept in a manger,
  And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
  While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
  Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
  He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him
  He will for ever bless.

39. S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

CHRIST

40. II.—6.

1 THE Author of salvation,
The Saviour meek and mild,
Once took a lowly station,
Became a little child.
In infancy a stranger,
How mean was his abode!
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God.

2 His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day;
So meek to all around him,
So ready to obey.
No stain of sin or folly
Could ever cloud his brow;
His heart so pure and holy
With love would ever glow.

3 And when his foes assailed him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed him,
He died that they might live.

This bright example shows us
What duties to fulfill;
Oh! let it now arouse us
To learn and do his will!

41. C. M.

1 WHEN the Redeemer left his throne,
And dwelt with men below,
It was his glorious work to bless,
And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claimed his aid,
Nor sought relief in vain;
When parents owned his gracious help,
He blessed their infant train.

3 And now, though Jesus reigns above,
He makes the young his care;
And helpless children still he owns,
And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read thy word
Which makes the foolish wise,
Oh! may we know a Saviour's name,
And learn his worth to prize.

42. III.—3.

1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour
Once became a child like me;
Oh! that in my whole behavior,
He my pattern still might be.

2 All my nature is unholy;
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 Lord, assist a feeble creature;
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

4 Often I shall be forgetful
Of the lessons thou hast taught;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
Or indulging foolish thought.

5 Then permit me not to harden
In my sin, and be content;
But bestow a gracious pardon,
And assist me to repent.

43. C. M.

1 SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs.
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries;
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be i s Shepherd's care;
While foldec in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

44. C. M.

1 JESUS! our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King—
Our Lord, our life, our way, our end,
Accept the praise we bring.

As yet we know thee but in part,
And only lisp thy praise;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll join in higher lays.

Till then may we thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our souls in death.

45. C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus left his father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonored and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye;
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

46. C. M.

1 THE least, the feeblest of his sheep,
To Christ the Father gave;
He loves the flock, his charge he'll keep
His arm is strong to save.

2 To thee, our Shepherd and our Rock,
A grateful song we'll raise;
Oh! help the feeblest of thy flock,
To speak aloud thy praise.

3 Ten thousand precious comforts here,
Dispensed in various ways,
Show forth thy faithfulness and care,
And claim adoring praise.

4 We're prone to wander out of sight,
In danger's path to stray,
And straying, are unable quite
To find the living way.

5 Guide us, O Shepherd, by thy love,
That we may keep thy way
Until we reach thy fold above,
And go no more astray.

47. L. M.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers! to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones! and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

48. III.—3.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

49. III.—4.

1 JESUS, when a little child,
Taught us what we ought to be:
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was the Saviour's infancy;
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of his Son.

2 As in age and strength he grew,
Heavenly wisdom filled his breast,
Crowds attentive round him drew,
Wondering at their infant guest,
Gazed upon his lovely face,
Saw him full of truth and grace.

3 In his heavenly Father's house,
Jesus spent his early days;
There he paid his solemn vows,
There proclaimed his Father's praise;
Thus it was his lot to gain
Favor both with God and man.

4 Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod;
May it be our great delight
To obey thy will, O God!
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

50. L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

51. III.—3.

1 JESUS gives us true repentance
By his Spirit sent from heaven;
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
Faith he gives us to believe him,
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wisdom? he must give it—
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

2 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Helps us do what he commands;
Makes us follow his directions,
Gives us willing feet and hands.
All our prayers and all our praises
We should offer in his name;
He who dictates them is Jesus;
He who answers is the same.

Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory;
All things else we count but loss.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Endless source of joy and love;
Grant us, Lord, thy constant favor,
Till we reign with thee above.

52. III.—3.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame:
By thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb! by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty Love annointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made with man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

53. III.—1.

1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide.
Oh! receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is staid;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

54. C. M.

1 LET children bless the Saviour's name,
And sing his wondrous grace
Who from the realms of glory came
To save our sinful race.

2 Though he was rich in heaven above
From all eternity,
He left his greatness out of love
For sinners such as we.

3 The poorest child is scarce so poor
As Jesus Christ became
When, our salvation to procure,
He bore our sin and shame.

4 A manger for his cradle-bed
Received him at his birth;
He had not where to lay his head,
Though Lord of heaven and earth.

5 Lord Jesus! while we sing thy grace,
We love thee and adore;
But when in heaven we see thy face
Our souls shall love thee more.

55. II.—1.

1 OH! could I speak the matchless worth!
Oh! could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4. Soon the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

56. II.—4.

1 COME, every youthful heart
That loves the Saviour's name;
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
  And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
  And wept, and bled, and died.
What he endured, oh! who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave he rose—
  The mansions of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
  In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode;
He reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 From thence our Lord will come,
  Nor long his chariot stay;
He'll bear our spirits home
  To realms of endless day:
Then shall we see his lovely face,
And ever rest in his embrace.

Jesus, we ne'er can pay
  The debt of boundless love!
We give ourselves away,
  Our gratitude to prove;
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give,
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

57. 6, 4.

1 LET us awake our joys!
Strike up with cheerful voice!
Each creature sing:
Angels begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong—
Jesus is king!

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame,
What wonders done.
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound—
Vict'ry is won!

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe did quell:
Children, rejoice!
His dying love adore,
Praise him now raised in power,
Praise him for evermore
With joyful will.

4 All hail the glorious day
When through the heavenly way,
Lo! he shall come:

While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail!
Great Saviour, come!

REDEMPTION.

58. C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, rich reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

59. S. M.

1 TO Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.

2 That moment he expired,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severest claims
I answer, "Jesus died."

60. C. M.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
Oh! may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

5 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song!

61. 11, 12.

1 THE voice of Free Grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain.
For sin and pollution,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath bought us our pardon!
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
Now he calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased
As high as a mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this Fountain
Hallelujah, etc.

3 Now Jesus, our King,
Reigns triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell
He is more than victorious.

With shouting proclaim it,
Oh! trust in his passion;
He saves us most freely.
Oh! precious salvation!
Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him the more.
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, etc.

WORSHIP.

62. L. M.

1 WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The Gospel news, the heavenly word;
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment-day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
Oh! lead us in the path of truth;
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

63. L. M.

1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above.

2 They stand before his presence now,
And praise him better far than we
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love him, whom we can not see.

3 But God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.

5 Oh! may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn by Sabbaths here below
To spend eternity in heaven!

64. L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that earth and sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh! write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

65. L. M.

1 WHY have we lips, if not to sing
The praises of our heavenly King?
Why have we hearts, if not to love
Our Father and our Friend above?

2 Why were our curious bodies made,
And every part in order laid?
Why, but that each of us might stand
A living wonder from his hand?

3 Why have we souls, if not to know
The God from whom our natures flow?
Sure this can never be our lot,
Like senseless brutes, to know him not!

4 Why have we life? if not to gain
Immortal life, 'tis worse than vain;
This is the end for which 'twas given:
We live on earth, to live in heaven.

5 Why did the Saviour leave the sky,
Hang on a cross, and bleed, and die?
And why are kind persuasions sent
To call and win us to repent?

6 Oh! this is why—that washed, and white,
And all well-pleasing in his sight,
Our souls may join the happy throng
And sing the everlasting song.

66. C. M.—Double.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

Festivals.

THE LORD'S DAY.

67. C. M.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
Oh! may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

68. III.—2.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best—
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name
Show thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee!

3 When we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

69. C. M.

1 COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all, our days below
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

70. L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

71. II.—4.

1 THE house of God I love;
I love the sacred day;
Its moments I'll improve,
To learn the heavenly way:
The way, the truth, the life, I see,
Are all in Christ, who died for me.

2 The way is plain to those
Who will repent of sin;
The blood that freely flows,
Can cleanse each guilty stain:
No merit of my own I claim,
My trust is in the Saviour's name.

3 The truth I would believe,
As coming from the Lord;
Oh! help me to receive
And treasure up his word:
That word can save the ruined soul,
And make the broken spirit whole.

4 The life of grace below,
The life of joy above,
O Lord, on me bestow,
Unworthy of thy love.
Oh! bid me live this precious hour,
And ever know thy saving power!

72. S. M.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to read thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

73. III.—1.

1 MAKER of the Sabbath day,
Teach us how to praise and pray
Thou this blessed day hast given
To prepare our souls for heaven.

2 *Giver* of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious Gospel blest;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.

3 *Ruler* of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, on high;
Make the *young*, as well as old,
Sheep of thy *eternal* fold.

4 *Friend* of children, hear our prayer;
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away
Of this sacred *Sabbath day*.

74. S. M.

1 THE Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day;
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray.

2 Ours is the Sabbath-school;
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every Gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

3 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sabbath-schools will show,
The bliss of Sabbath days:

4 Till, with thy saints above,
We rise, in heaven to spend
A blest eternity of love,
A Sabbath without end.

75. L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Around thy throne we long to meet;
Oh! grant us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

5 Oh! long expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rise with God.

76. L. M.

1 WE'VE passed another Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2 Forgive our inattention, Lord;
Our looks and thoughts that went astray
Forgive our carelessness abroad,
At home our idleness and play.

3 May all we heard and understood
  Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good;
  More humble, diligent, and meek.

4 So when our lives are finished here,
  And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
May we with all we love appear,
  To serve and praise thee evermore.

77. III.—1.

1 SEE! another week is gone!
  Quickly have the minutes past;
This we enter now upon
  Will to many prove their last.
Mercy hitherto has spared,
  But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
  Should I be this week removed?

2 Some we now no longer see,
  Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we
  When the former week begun.
While we pray, and while we hear,
  Help us, Lord, each one to think;
Vast eternity is near,
  I am standing on the brink.

ADVENT.

78. C. M.

1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

79. C. M.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And Heaven and Nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

CHRISTMAS

80. III.—3.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh! receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him.
Glory be to God most high!"

81. III.—3.

1 SHEPHERDS, hail the wondrous Stranger!
Now to Bethl'em speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

2 Christ, by prophets long predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race;
Light to Gentiles long afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3 Glad we trace th' amazing story
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,
Sinners saved from death and hell.

82. II.—6.

1 BRIGHT beams from heaven are breaking
O'er Bethlehem's darkened plains;
And sounds of joy are waking,
In sweet, harmonious strains;
The watchful shepherds, trembling,
Are filled with sore dismay;
While angel bands, assembling,
Shine forth in bright array.

2 "Glad tidings of salvation"
The herald angel brings
To every land and nation,
With healing in his wings:
"Soft slumbering in a manger,
An infant Saviour lies;
Ye shepherds, fear no danger;
Lift up your joyful eyes."

3 They listen to the story
Of the Redeemer's birth,
When shouts of "highest glory"
Descend upon the earth:
"Good-will to man is given;
The penitent may live,
And be at peace with Heaven,
For God can now forgive.

4 "Glory to God for ever—
To God who reigns on high;
Whose hand can now deliver
The souls condemned to die!"
Oh! bear the tidings blissful
To every distant land;
The word will be successful—
Who can its power withstand?

83. C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

84. S. M.

1 HOW blessed was the day
When Christ appeared on earth:
Angels and men together join
To hail the Saviour's birth.

2 How kind that he became
A little child like me;
A child of poor and lowly name
The Saviour deigned to be.

3 The stable was his room,
The manger was his bed;
The birthplace of the King of kings
Was where the oxen fed.

4 Hail, gracious, heav'nly Prince!
To thee let children fly;
And on thy kindest providence
Oh! may we all rely!

85. C. M.

1 GLORY to God, the angel said;
Good tidings, lo! I bring:
In David's city is a babe,
Your Lord and Saviour-King!

2 Glory to God, and peace on earth!
Good-will to man is shown;
Let heavenly joy at Jesus' birth
Be through the nations known.

3 Glory to God! let man reply,
For Christ the Lord is come;
Behold him in a manger lie,
A stable is his home.

4 Glory to God for love so mild!
How wonderful the plan
That Jesus once became a child
To save rebellious man!

5 Glory to God! let all the earth
Join in the heavenly song;
And praise him for the Saviour's birth
In every land and tongue.

86. P. M.

1 THE happy morn we hail again,
When heaven seems smiling o'er us,
And from the sky, in joyful strain,
Breaks forth the angel's chorus:
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Glory in the highest!

2 And with the humble shepherd throng,
Around his cradle-manger,
We gather now, with prayer and song,
To greet the infant stranger.
Peace on earth, etc.

3 We bring no gems, nor rich perfume,
Nor wisdom's years before him,
But come in childhood's early bloom,
In childhood's praise adore him.
Peace on earth, etc.

4 For thou who wert thyself a child
In more than infant meekness,
Wilt never, in thy mercy mild,
Despise our childhood's weakness.
Peace on earth, etc.

5 Then, led by thee, our souls shall rise
Where thou hast gone before us,
And bless thee ever in the skies,
That earth has heard the chorus,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Glory in the highest!

THE END OF THE YEAR.

87. III.—1.

1 SWIFT the moments fly away,
First the hour, and then the day
Next the week, the month, the year,
Steal away and disappear.

2 Time is ever on the wing,
While I speak, or think, or sing;
Whether working or at play,
Time is rolling fast away.

3 Think, my soul! awake and see
What will soon become of thee;
Whither tending, canst thou tell?
Up to heaven, or down to hell?

4 Jesus, I would humbly pray,
Guide and keep me in the way;
Every gift and grace bestow;
Wean my heart from things below.

THE NEW YEAR.

88. L. M.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till its close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Thy praises shall our lips employ
In the eternal world of joy.

89. C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

90. C. M.

1 GREAT God, before thy sacred throne
A youthful band draws near,
To praise thee for thy mercies shown
Through every passing year.

2 'Tis thine indulgent care prolongs
Our transitory days;
And in return demands our songs
Of gratitude and praise.

3 What numbers of our helpless race
Are left to run astray,
While we are brought to seek thy face,
And shown the narrow way!

When time with us shall be no more,
Oh! may we meet above,
To sing, on heaven's eternal shore,
Thy kind redeeming love!

EPIPHANY.

91. 10, 11.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

92. II.—6.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail! in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever—
His name to us is Love!

LENT.

93. C. M.

1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray?

2 Why do I read my Bible o'er,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild
How vain are all my thoughts
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

94. C. M.

1 WHAT is there Lord, a child can do
Who feels with guilt oppressed?
There's evil that I never knew
Before within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard
My temper apt to rise:
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

3 And yet if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry,
Some thoughts of folly or of play
Prevent me when I try.

4 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.

5 Oh! look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard;
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.

95. S. M.

1 IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one:
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray,
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We would at once begin.

96. III.—3.

1 LORD, we bow with deep contrition,
Low before thy throne of grace,
Hear us in thy kind compassion,
While we seek thy smiling face.

2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour,
Should we come for life and peace?
Nothing but thy boundless favor,
Can our burdened souls release.

3 Thou hast witnessed our transgression,
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

4 Pardon, peace, and consolation,
At thy blessed cross we see;
There we take our humble station,
Looking, Lord, alone to thee.

GOOD FRIDAY.

97. C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Saviour lied,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

EASTER.

98 C. L. M.

1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord:
"Behold the place—he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

99. S. M.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels, hear
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

3 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each tuneful chord!
Join, all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing the risen Lord!

100. II.—4.

1 OUR Great Redeemer rose,
Our Saviour left the dead,
And over all his foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet;
They wait his high commands,
They worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell!
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell!
Transported cry, "Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain, beyond the skies.

101. III.—1.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.

2 For a while she ling'ring stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

3 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice!

4 What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

102. III.—1.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er;
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids him rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we raise
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

103. III.—1.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save!

104. III.—5.

1 COME, ye saints! look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst the bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away:
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day!

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
'Twas by death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises—
Praises to the Victor's name!

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their king!
Soon, in yonder happy regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring!

ASCENSION.

105. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the joyful lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

106. C. M.

1 OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing:
O'er all the earth he reigns.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

107. III.—1.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Enter thou within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

108. L. M.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

109. III.—1.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live!
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire!

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

110. 6, 4.

1 COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great Trinity
The highest praises be
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

PRAYER.

111. S. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

112. S. M.

1 LORD, help us, as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

2 Lord, help us, as we sing,
To *mean* the words we use,
And not to mock our heavenly King
And all his love abuse.

3 Lord, help us, as we hear,
To treasure up thy word,
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

4 Lord, help us, while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
The aid of thy good Spirit give;
In mercy be our Guide.

5 Lord, help us, when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
That we with angel hosts on high
May praise thee evermore.

113. L. M.

1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the *mercy-seat.*

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought *mercy-seat.*

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common *mercy-seat.*

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no *mercy-seat?*

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the *mercy-seat.*

6 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the MERCY-SEAT.

114. L. M.

MY Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee;
But with my spirit seek thy face—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

2 I plead the name of thy dear Son;
All he has said, all he has done;
Oh! may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free!

3 To guide me, Lord, be ever nigh;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favor crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart;
Let me obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

115. L. M.

1 O LORD, when I kneel down to pray,
Keep from my mind vain thoughts away,
That I may know thou seest me,
And feel I am alone with thee.

2 Let thy good Spirit move my heart,
And holy fear and love impart;
And while with grief my sins I own,
Seek pardoning grace through Christ alone.

3 Oh! may I ever think of thee,
As one most kind and dear to me;
As my best Friend in heaven above,
My God and Father, whom I love.

4 So teach me, Lord, by grace divine,
To know that I indeed am thine;
And then how great my joy will be
To lift my heart in prayer to thee.

116. C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high!
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up my cry.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Oh! may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

117. IV.—1.

1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
On earth, be the same!
Oh! give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
For ever: Amen.

118. C. M.

1 OH! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart made clean by Jesus' blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine.

119. C. M.

1 LORD, teach a little child to pray
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I strayed:
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home;
Their tears he'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace
To dwell with him above.

120. S. M.

1 I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?

2 'Tis useless to implore,
Unless I feel my need;
Unless 'tis from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

3 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

4 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he ever those regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

5 Lord! teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

121. III.—1.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring:
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die thy people's death.

122. III.—1.

1 JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace."

3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

123. C. M.

1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
Abut some other thing.

3 Oh! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart!

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

124. II.—3.

1 NEVER may I forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day.
If happy thoughts have blessed my sleep,
Or startling dreams have made me weep,
With prayer I will begin the day:
Never may I forget to pray!

2 To Him by whom the birds are fed
I'll raise my prayer for daily bread:
If wealth her bounty should bestow,
I know from whom all blessings flow;
If He who gave should take away,
Let me not *then* forget to pray.

SIN.

125. III.—1.

1 MANY voices seem to say,
"Hither, children, here's the way!
Haste along, and nothing fear,
Every pleasant thing is here!"

2 Yes; but whither would you lead?
Is it happiness indeed?
Or a little shining show
Leading down to death and woe?

3 We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs;
Like the lark that upward flies
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here;
Made to study and fulfill
All his good and holy will.

5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile;
Thinking, as we labor thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6 So a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led;
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed!

126. C. M.

1 A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed!
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

2 From early infancy, I know
A rebel I have been;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

3 But God can change this evil heart,
And give a holy mind;
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.

4 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pard'ning grace implore;
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

127 C. M.

1 WHEN for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

4 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view;
"Father, forgive their sin," he said;
"They know not what they do."

5 Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
But speak the pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

128. C. M.

1 HOW kind in all his works and ways
Must our Creator be!
I learn a lesson of his praise,
From every thing I see.

2 Ten thousand creatures by his hand
Were brought to life at first;
His skill their different natures planned
And made them from the dust.

3 He condescends to do them good,
And pities when they cry;
For all their wants are understood
By his attentive eye.

4 'Tis sin that grieves his holy mind,
And makes his anger rise,
And sinners old and young will find
No favor in his eyes.

5 But when the broken spirit burns,
And would from sin depart,
The God of mercy never spurns
That broken. humble heart.

INVITATION.

129. III.—5.

1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh! receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight:
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting:
Will you not his grace receive?

130. II.—4.

1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my Friend,
How happy should I be!
Oh! how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
Oh! yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

131. 6, 4.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day!
Heav'n bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that Love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

132. III.—1.

1 CHILDREN, listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word,
Seek his face with heart and mind;
Early seek and you shall find.

2 Sorrowful, your sins confess,
Plead his perfect righteousness,
See the Saviour's bleeding side;
Come, you will not be denied.

3 For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart;
Never from his ways depart.

133. L. M.

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck.
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

134. III.—5.

1 COME, ye children, poor and needy,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 Let no terrors make you linger,
Nor of merit vainly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Lo! the Saviour now ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

FAITH.

135. II.—1.

1 OH! Thou that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own;
I fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
Thy all-availing blood.
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

36. III.—2.

1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

137. C. M.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way;

2 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

3 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

4 Then I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

138. C. M.

1 CAN any one
Begin too soon
In early years to know
That heavenly Friend,
Whose steps attend
'Mid earthly weal or woe?

2 'Tis not too soon,
When life's begun,
To sicken and to die;
'Tis not too soon,
When wrong is done,
To seek for grace on high.

3 'Tis not too soon
Our guilt to own
In tender, humble prayer;
'Tis not too soon
When we're undone
To trust a Saviour's care.

4 'Tis not too soon
The path to shun
That leads the soul astray;
'Tis not too soon
The race to run
Along the heavenly way.

5 'Tis not too soon
In childhood's noon
To put our trust in God;
'Tis not too soon
For any one
T' escape the downward road.

139. C. M.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward turned to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We ask thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

140. L. M.

1 NOW I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord:
Nor from his ways will I depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh! be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways,
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

141. C. M.

1 SHALL I presume to venture near
A God so just and true?
Or, sinful as I am, appear
Before his piercing view?

2 How oft I grieve his holy eye,
And break his righteous law!
And think some thought of vanity
With every breath I draw!

3 Yet, Lord, a sinful child may turn
To wisdom's pleasant ways;
For Jesus' sake thou wilt not spurn
My feeble prayer and praise.

4 He died that sinners such as I
May have their sins forgiven;
He died that sinners, when they die,
May live with him in heaven.

5 It is for this I come to pray,
And on his grace depend,
That even at the judgment-day
The Lord may be my Friend.

142. S. M.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

143. L. M.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And thou hast bid me come to thee,
To thee, O Lamb of God. I come.

2 Just as I am, oh! waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
To thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing for the mind,
Yea, all I want, in thee to find,
To thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, healing give,
Because thy promise I believe;
To thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, aye, thine alone,
To thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

144. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 From youth to hoary age
My calling to fulfill;
Oh! may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall for ever die.

145. S. M.

1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
Oh! take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I can not live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean;
Oh! write my name above!

3 Among thy little flock,
I need a Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine!
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

146. 11s.

1 MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus' breast.

147. L. M.

1 JESUS, thou condescending King,
Art pleased to hear when children sing
And, while our feeble voices rise,
Wilt not the humble prayer despise.

2 Then keep us, Lord, from every sin
Which we can see or feel within;
And what we neither feel nor see
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

3 We own there's nothing good in us
To tempt thee to befriend us thus;
For sin and folly waste our days;
Our prayers are weak, and poor our praise

4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die;
And all the plea we dare to make
Is, "Pardon for thy mercy's sake."

148. III.—3.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

149 L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall droop, and fade away, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

SICKNESS.

150. C. M.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade,
In childhood's early day,
How sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away!

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus reigns above.

3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his gracious promises
For all things to depend.

5 How sweet with childlike confidence
To trust a God like this;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 Jesus, if thus the streams be sweet,
What must their fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw full bliss
Immediately from thee?

151. C. M.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or will withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

152. C. M.

1 SINCE all the changing scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Then who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name,
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

DEATH.

153. C. M.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls the joyful hope
That they should never die.

3 What though the body soon decays,
And long in dust it lies?
Yet as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So will his saints arise.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And fadeth not away.

5 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
Till his salvation come:
We walk, by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

154. C. M.

1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side;
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago *he* filled *his* place,
And sat with us to learn;
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short—
Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord! impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last!

4 All needful strength is thine to give:
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

155. C. M.

1 DEATH can not make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
I can walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
And in my Lord confide:
Hasten, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses died.

3 Might I but climb the mountain's height
The promised land to view,
My willing soul would take her flight,
And bid the world adieu.

4 Within my heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
Resign my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

156. L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his painful sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

157. L. M.

1 LONG let the breathing music float
That soothes the dying child to rest,
And gently swell each rising note
That wafts it to the Saviour's breast.

2 Oh! when the youthful Christian dies,
How soft the strains that angels raise!
At rest on their bright wings he lies,
And learns their thrilling notes of praise.

3 Sweet is his Saviour's welcome there,
And sweet the voice that bids him rest:
Oh! let me live a life so fair—
Oh! let me die a death so blest!

158. S. M.

1 WHEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly, then, departs the breath!
The dying pang, how mild!

2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do,
Upon its mother's tender breast,
And as securely, too.

3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care,
And he will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

JUDGMENT.

159. III.—5.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At his call prepare to flee.
Careless sinner
What will then become of thee!

ETERNITY.

160. S. M.

1 OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Lord, God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face
For evermore undone.

161.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee
Blooming beauty lose its charms
All that's mortal soon will be
Inclosed in Death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

162. C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There anchored safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

163. C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With Faith's illumined eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

164. C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

165. III.—1.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain:
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came,
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

166. C. M.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.

6 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day, on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

167. C. L. M.

1 THE City of the Skies, whereof
Such glorious things are told,
How shall we gain its shining gates,
And tread its streets of gold;
And see the river, clear and broad,
That flows from out the throne of God?

2 Upon its banks the tree of life
Grows ever green and fair;
There comes no winter to that land,
There blows no tempest there;
But summer shines for ever bright,
And on its glory falls no night.

3 They never die that dwell therein,
They know no pain nor tears;
And songs of joy that city fill
Throughout the endless years;
For there is neither strife nor care,
And Jesus dwells among them there

4 Oh! may his grace direct our steps
That blessed home to gain,
Beyond the wants of this poor world,
Above its splendors vain!
Lord, guide our wandering feet where lies
Thy glorious City of the Skies!

168. C. M.

1 WHAT souls are those that venture near
The throne of God to see?
Ten thousand happy ones who here
Were children such as we.

2 Their sins the Saviour washed away,
He made them white and clean;
They loved his word, they loved his day,
They loved him though unseen.

3 Now under many a grassy mound
Their youthful bodies rest;
But safe their happy souls are found
Upon their Saviour's breast.

4 Oh! may we travel, as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

5 Dear Saviour, hear our humble cry
And our young hearts renew;
Then raise our ransomed souls on high,
That we may see thee too.

169. C. M.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come!
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the regions peace;
No wanton lips, no envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

170. III.—1.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

171. IV.—2.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be *to be there?*

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare.
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be *to be there?*

3 We speak of its freedom from sin—
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within,
But what must it be *to be there?*

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first-born above,
But what must it be *to be there?*

5 Do thou, Lord, 'midst sorrow or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is *to be there!*

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing.
When safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our *Saviour* and *King*,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

172.

1 THERE is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day;
Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour, King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh! we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye!

173. III.—1.

1 LITTLE travelers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There with welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win
Lift your heads, ye golden gates—
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are these whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;
I, from India's sultry plain;
I, from Afric's burning sand;
I, from islands of the main.

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates—
Let the little travellers in!

174.

1 HASTE, my dull soul, arise,
Cast off thy care,
Press to thy native skies,
Mighty in prayer.
Jesus has gone before,
Count all thy troubles o'er;
He who thy burden bore,
Jesus, is there.

2 Now for the marriage-feast
Robe and prepare;
Pureness becomes each guest:
Jesus is there.
Saints, wave your victory palms,
Chant your celestial psalms;
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
Oh! let us wear.

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure;
Glory is there.
Heaven's bliss is ever sure;
Thou art its heir.
What makes its joys complete?
What makes its hymns so sweet?
There our best Friend we'll meet;
Jesus is there.

MISSIONARY.

175. II.—6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle?
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh! salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

176. III.—5.

1 WHO can tell what notes of sadness
From the hills and valleys rise,
Where no messages of gladness
Echo from the bending skies?
Where in darkness,
Without hope, the sinner dies?

2 Oh! how desolate the dwelling
Where our God is not revered;
Where no song of praise is swelling,
Nor the voice of prayer is heard;
Where religion's
Cheering rays have disappeared!

3 Where the seeds of sin are growing
And the paths of folly lie;
Where the streams of death are flowing,
With destruction ever nigh,
Bid the Gospel
Wave its graceful banners high.

177. 10, 11.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 Hear from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

178. II.—6.

1 NOW be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Reëchoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
Thou, Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for thee are waiting;
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

179. II.—6.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round.
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

ANNIVERSARY.

180. II.—6.

1 TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh! tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise.
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet—
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good,
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;

Oh! may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King,
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious Gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

181. L. M.—Six Lines.

1 YES, there are little ones in heaven,
Children like us, around the throne,
To whom the King of kings hath given
A living glory like his own.
Jesus, thy grace, so rich and free,
Hath suffered them to come to thee!

2 Oh! let us think of them to-day,
Their sweet and everlasting song,
And hope to sing as loud as they,
In the same holy heaven, ere long.
Jesus, may this our portion be!
Oh! suffer us to come to thee!

3 Those blessed children in the sky
Went from this sad and sinful earth;
How were their spirits raised so high,
Above their low estate by birth?
They came to Christ, and so will we;
Lord, suffer us to come to thee!

4 To come, with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith and earnest prayer,
To seek thy precious cross, and find
Peace, pardon, joy, salvation there.
Oh! set our sin-bound spirits free,
And suffer us to come to thee!

182. L. M.

1 FROM year to year, we love to meet;
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of hundreds uttering sweet
The flowing joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our union, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike—
The warning is to each and all.

4 This sole occasion, then, is ours;
This day again we ne'er shall see!
Lord God, awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity!

5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand,
On thee for all things we rely,
Assured while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile, our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, faithful, docile, true,
More like thy Son in every grace.

183. C. M.

1 HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before!

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
Oh! that will be joyful, etc.

3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there,
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
Oh! that will be joyful, etc.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways,
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.
Oh! that will be joyful, etc.

184. III.—1.

1 LORD, before thy throne we stand,
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon the youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

2 Whither else should children go,
Weak and impotent as we?
Thou hast all things to bestow,
Suffer us to come to thee

3 Suffer us to come and pray;
Daily do we stand in need,
And if thou shouldst turn away,
Lord, we should be poor indeed.

4 Suffer us to come and own
How unworthy we have been;
Since we look to thee alone
For the pardon of our sin.

5 Suffer us to come and praise;
Condescend to hear our songs,
All we have, ten thousand ways,
Comes from thee, to thee belongs.

6 While we here have life and breath,
This our constant prayer should be,
This our latest sigh in death:
Suffer us to come to thee.

185. C. M.

1 LORD, we are spared again to meet
On this rejoicing day!
To bow before thy mercy-seat
To praise thee, and to pray.

2 Many, since last we gathered here,
Have passed away like flowers;
Perhaps before another year
Their dwelling may be ours!

3 To Jesus every eye we raise,
On him for mercy rest;
For children, in his mortal days,
He folded to his breast.

4 And children, at his Father's side,
He still with pity views,
While pleading that for such he died,
Their sinful hearts renews.

5 Lord, to thine open arms we fly,
And seek our safety there;
Then shall we have no fear to die,
If thou our hearts prepare.

186. C. M.

1 HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones, to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

187. C. M.

1 WHAT tribute shall we offer Him
Who died that we might live?
Angels can scarcely reach the theme;
What then can children give?

2 Jesus, we sing thy matchless grace,
Thy mercy we proclaim,
Which gave us in thy house a place,
Among thy saints a name.

3 Here we are taught the only way
How sin may be forgiven;
Here we are shown each Sabbath day
The road that leads to heaven.

4 Teach us our mercies to improve,
From every sin to flee;
Write on our hearts thy law of love,
That we may live for thee.

5 Lord, bless our teachers; make them wise
In winning souls for thee;
Give them a mansion in the skies,
A blest eternity.

CHORUS.

6 Come, let us join to praise the Lord;
All swell the sacred song;
And when we reach the promised rest,
Our praises we'll prolong.

MORNING.

188. C. M.

1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies!

2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfill
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!

EVENING.

189. C. M.

1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour makes known,
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

OPENING SCHOOL.

190. C. M.

1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our joyful song
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Oh! may the God who gave our lives,
And thus far led us on,
Be pleased to train our youthful minds
To know and love his Son.

3 Teach us thy way while here we learn
To read thy heavenly word;
Bless all the kind instructions given,
And make us thine, O Lord.

191. L. M.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

192. IV.—2.

1 WE meet in the presence of God,
Preserved by his guardian care,
We look to his heavenly abode,
And offer thanksgiving and prayer.

2 He bids us in childhood and youth
To heavenly instruction attend,
To read the blest volume of truth,
And trust in a heavenly Friend.

3 His word we must learn to obey,
And ask him to pardon our sin;
'Tis Jesus hath opened the way,
His blood can remove every stain.

193. III.—1.

1 "CALL the Sabbath a delight,
And the holy of the Lord;"
Oh! improve its hours aright,
And enjoy a rich reward.

2 'Tis a day of calm repose,
Rest from earthly toil and care;
'Tis a day of joy to those
Who delight in praise and prayer.

3 While we here our teachers meet,
Let us to their words attend,
And our lessons well repeat,
Till the hour of school shall end.

4 Smile on us, O heavenly King!
And reward them for their love;
Help us all thy name to sing,
Fit us for thy courts above.

CLOSING SCHOOL.

194. S. M.

1 OUR lesson now is o'er,
And we, a happy throng,
With thankful hearts, unite once more
To raise a parting song.

2 What gratitude we owe
For richest blessings given!
Yet what can little children do
To please the God of heaven?

3 He never will despise
The smallest of our race,
And he'll regard the humble cries
Of all who seek his face.

4 We'll praise him for his word,
We'll praise him for his love,
We'll praise him that our ears have heard
His message from above.

195. III.—5.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

196. III.—1

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

197. C. M.

1 AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet, indeed, how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 Oh! surely prize it more and more
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

198. S. M.

1 THE moment now draws near
When we must leave this place,
And in the house of God appear,
The temple of his grace.

2 Oh! seal instruction, Lord,
On every youthful mind,
And let us ne'er forget thy word,
Or be to sin inclined.

199. S. M.

1 O LORD, we would obey,
Nor from thy word depart;
And may the lessons of this day
Abide in every heart!

2 How kindly dost thou give
Instruction to our souls!
And wilt thou us at last receive
Where endless pleasure rolls?

200. III.—1.

1 SOON will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be done;
But a sweeter rest remains
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
Borne upon the breeze sublime;
Kind our teachers are to-day;
In the school we love to stay.

3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are,
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5 Yes; that rest our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns!

201. C. M.

1 NOW, children, to God's house repair,
And, with the holy throng,
Oh! give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still,
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3 Improve the strength you here have gained
To do his holy will;
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You served your God for naught;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

MISCELLANEOUS.

202. C. M.

1 THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
The world can never buy;
And while eternal ages roll,
It will not, can not die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the grave of hell.

3 The soul, by numerous sins defiled,
Can never enter heaven
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven;

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness,
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace!
And let it holy be,
Arrayed in thine own holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

203. III.—3.

1 "FEED my lambs!" How condescending,
How compassionate the grace
Of the Saviour, just ascending,
Thus to bless our infant race!

2 Richest treasure, dearest token,
From his stores of love to give;
Kept from age to age unbroken,
Till its bounty we receive!

3 Who without that word of blessing
Could our dark estate have told,
Sin and woe our souls distressing,
Lost and wandering from his fold?

4 "Feed my lambs!" Ye pastors, near it;
Feed the flock of his own hand;
Oh! for him, for us, revere it;
Keep the Shepherd's last command.

204. IV.—4.

1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian, and Guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide,
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear?
What danger can move us while Jesus is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3 Though afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord has become our salvation and song;
His blessings have followed us all our life long;
His name we will praise while he lends us our breath;
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

205. IV.—4.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply!
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.

The Lord is my Shepherd; then I must obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll renew,
And, though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue.

3 The Lord is my Shepherd; how happy am I!
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said.

4 The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him with angels to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

206. C. M.

1 THE children's angels always view
Their heavenly Father's face;
His joyful messengers and true,
In providence and grace.

2 But not to angels' care alone
We children are consigned:
To God himself our wants are known;
The Lord to us is kind.

3 Yes, every comfort here below,
And every hope above;
All that we have and are, we owe
To his unfailing love.

4 Then let us act as in his sight,
And, on our humble way,
Walk in the liberty of light,
As children of the day.

5 Young though we be, and in the prime
Of life's unfolding powers,
Of all the moments of our time,
This, only this, is ours.

6 We seize it, Lord, before 'tis past;
We yield ourselves to thee;
Thine be our earliest years, our last,
And our eternity.

207. L. M.

1 COME, children, to the promised land,
We'll rest upon its golden strand:
Should fears their onward march delay,
Who seek a country far away?

Though wide the wastes that round us lie,
And rough our pathway to the sky,
Though there be foes on every side,
Fear not, we have a Heavenly Guide!

3 He knows each danger and each snare,
Unfailing are his love and care,
And we are safe whate'er betide,
For Jesus is our Heavenly Guide.

208. III.—1

1 WE are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth,
Every hour and every breath
Bring us nearer still to death.

2 But beyond that vale of fears
Lies the land that knows no tears,
Where our steps no more may roam;
Children, we are going home!

3 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Who were missed and mourned for here
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above!

4 Shall poor trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and straight
Leading to the golden gate?

5 No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too;
From his track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.

209. L. M.

1 THE Lambs of Jesus! who are they
But children that believe and pray—
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

2 The Lambs of Jesus! they are meek;
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

3 The Lambs of Jesus! oh! that we
Might of that blessed number be.
Lord! take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above

DOXOLOGIES.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

II.—1.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

II.—4.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II.—6.

ETERNAL praise be given.
And songs of highest worth
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth.

To God supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

III.—1.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now and evermore shall be!

III.—3.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III.—5.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

IV.—2.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
Th' Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

IV.—4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

10, 11.

FATHER in Heaven, Almighty Creator,
Jesus our Saviour exalted on high,
Spirit Divine, of all grace the free giver,
Glory to thee from the earth and the sky!

INDEX TO HYMNS.

A — HYMN

A charge to keep I have, ... 144
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? 97
All hail! the power of Jesus' name, ... 80
Almighty God, thy piercing eye, ... 11
Among the deepest shades of night, ... 13
A morning song to thee we raise, ... 36
And now another day is gone, ... 189
And now another hour is past, ... 197
Another six-days' work is done, ... 70
Around the Saviour's lofty throne, ... 29
A sinner, Lord, behold I stand, ... 126
Asleep in Jesus? blessed sleep! 156
Assembled in our school once more, ... 191
Awake and sing the song, ... 39
Awake our souls, away our fears, ... 149

B

Blest be the everlasting God, ... 153
Bright beams from heaven are breaking, ... 82
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, ... 91
By cool Siloam's shady rill, ... 189

C

"Call the Sabbath a delight, ... 193
Can any one begin too soon, ... 188
Child of sin and sorrow, ... 181
Children, hear the melting story, ... 129
Children, listen to the Lord, ... 132
Christ the Lord is risen to-day, ... 102
Come, children, adore him, ... 84
Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, ... 85
Come, children, to the promised land, ... 207
Come, every youthful heart, ... 56
Come hither, all ye weary souls, ... 18[illegible]

HYMN

Come let us join our cheerful songs, ... 28
Come, let us join our friends above, ... 66
Come, let us join with one accord, ... 69
Come, let us sing of Jesus, ... 83
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, ... 121
Come, sound his praise abroad, ... 28
Come, thou Almighty King, ... 110
Come ye children poor and needy, ... 19[illegible]
Come, ye saints, look here and wonder . . 1[illegible]

D

Day of judgment, day of wonders, ... 159
Death can not make my soul afraid, ... 155
Death has been here, and borne away, ... 154
Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove, ... 103

F

"Feed my lambs," how condescending, ... 203
For a season called to part, ... 196
From every stormy wind that blows, ... 113
From Greenland's icy mountains, ... 175
From year to year we love to meet, ... 182

G

Glory to God on high, ... 26
"Glory to God," the angel said, ... 85
Glory to the Father give, ... 109
Gracious Spirit, love divine, ... 107
Great God, before thy sacred throne, ... 90
Great God, we sing that mighty hand, ... 88
Great God, with wonder and with praise, ... 3
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, ... 143

H

Hail! thou once despised Jesus, ... 52
Hail to the brightness, ... 177
Hail to the Lord's anointed, ... 92
Hark, the glad sound, ... 78
Hark! what mean those holy voices? 80
Haste, my dull soul, arise, ... 174
Holy Bible, book divine! 4
Hosanna! be the children's song, ... 186
How blessed was the day, ... 84
How calm and beautiful the morn, ... 98
How glorious is our heavenly King. 22
How gracious is my God, ... 21

HYMN
How kind in all his works and ways, ... 128
How pleasant thus to dwell below, ... 183
How sweetly flowed the Gospel sound, ... 47

I

If Jesus Christ was sent, ... 95
I often say my prayers, ... 129

J

Jerusalem, my happy home, ... 164
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour, ... 42
Jesus gives us true repentance, ... 51
Jesus our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend, ... 44
Jesus, Saviour of my soul, ... 53
Jesus, see a little child, ... 122
Jesus, thou condescending King, ... 147
Jesus, when a little child, ... 49
Joy to the world, the Lord is come, ... 79
Just as I am, ... 143

L

Let children bless the Saviour's name, ... 54
Let us awake our joys, ... 57
Little travelers Zionward, ... 173
Long let the breathing music float, ... 157
Lord, before thy throne we stand, ... 184
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, ... 195
Lord, help us as we pray, ... 112
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see, ... 64
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, ... 116
Lord, I would come to thee, ... 145
Lord, I would own thy tender care, ... 19
Lord, teach a little child to pray, ... 119
Lord, teach us how to pray, ... 111
Lord, we are spared again to meet, ... 185
Lord, we bow with deep contrition, ... 96
Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee, ... 18

M

Maker of the Sabbath-day, ... 73
Many voices seem to say, ... 125
Mary to the Saviour's tomb, ... 101
Morning breaks upon the tomb, ... 103
My dear Redeemer and my Lord, ... 50
My Father, when I come to thee, ... 114
My God, who makes the sun to know, ... 183

HYMN

My heavenly Father, all I see, ... 8
My home is in heaven, my rest is not here, ... 146
My soul, be on thy guard, ... 149

N

Never may I forget to pray, ... 124
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, ... 169
Now be the gospel banner, ... 178
Now, children, to God's house repair, ... 201
Now, I resolve with all my heart, ... 149

O

Oh! could I speak the matchless worth, ... 55
Oh! for a heart to praise my God, ... 118
Oh! for a shout of sacred joy, ... 106
O Jesus, thou exalted King, ... 33
O Lord, my best desires fulfill, ... 151
O Lord, we would obey, ... 199
O Lord, when I kneel down to pray, ... 115
Once more, we keep the sacred day, ... 190
Once was heard the song of children, ... 31
One there is above all others, ... 48
O Thou that hearest the prayer of faith, ... 185
Oh! where shall rest be found? 160
Our Father in heaven, ... 117
Our great Redeemer rose, ... 100
Our lesson now is o'er, ... 194
Our Lord is risen from the dead, ... 105

P

Palms of glory, raiment bright, ... 170
Praise to God, immortal praise, ... 17
Praise to God, the great Creator, ... 16

R

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, ... 186

S

Safely through another week, ... 68
See another week has gone, ... 77
See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands, ... 43
Shall I presume to venture near, ... 141
Shepherds, hail the wondrous stranger, ... 81
Since all the changing scenes of time, ... 152
Sing my soul, his wondrous love, ... 83
Sing we the song of those who stand, 24

HYMN

Songs of praise the angels sang, ... 27
Soon will set the Sabbath sun, ... 200
Sweet is the work, O Lord, ... 72
Swift the moments fly away, ... 87

T

Ten thousand different flowers, ... 15
The Author of salvation, ... 4
The Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold! 5
The City of the Skies, ... 167
The children's angels always view, ... 206
Thee we adore, eternal name, ... 89
The eye of God is everywhere, ... 12
The happy morn we hail again, ... 86
The house of God I love, ... 71
The lambs of Jesus, who are they? 209
The least, the feeblest of his sheep, ... 46
The Lord is my shepherd, how happy am I! 205
The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide, . . 204
The Lord is risen indeed, ... 99
The moment now draws near, ... 198
The praises of my tongue, ... 1
There is a fountain filled with blood, ... 58
There is a glorious world of light, ... 166
There is a God who reigns above, ... 7
There is a happy land, ... 172
There is a land of pure delight, ... 163
There is a path that leads to God, ... 137
There's not a star whose twinkling light, ...
The Sabbath of the Lord, ... 74
The voice of free grace, ... 61
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, ... 75
This is the day when Christ arose, ... 67
Though I am young, I have a soul, ... 202
Time is winging us away, ... 161
To Christ the bleeding Lamb, ... 59
To God who reigns above the sky, ... 14
To our Redeemer's glorious name, ... 60
To thee, O blessed Saviour, ... 180
To praise the Saviour's name, ... 32
'Twas God who made the earth and skies, ... 10

W

We are but young, yet we may sing, ... 62
We'll not give up the Bible, ... 6
We are pilgrims on the earth, ... 208
We meet in the presence of God, ... 199

HYMN
We speak of the realms of the blest, ... 171
We've passed another Sabbath-day, ... 76
What a mercy, what a treasure, ... 2
What is there, Lord, a child can do? 24
What souls are those that venture near, ... 168
What tribute shall we offer Him, ... 187
Whene'er I take my walks abroad, ... 20
When daily I kneel down to pray, ... 123
When for some little insult given, ... 127
When I can read my title clear, ... 162
When Jesus left his Father's throne, ... 45
When languor and disease invade, ... 150
When little Samuel woke, ... 180
When sickness, pain, and death, ... 158
When shall the voice of singing, ... 179
When the Redeemer left his throne, ... 41
When to the house of God we go, ... 63
While shepherds watched their flocks by night, . . 83
Who are these in bright array, ... 165
Who can tell what notes of sadness, . . . 176
Why have we lips, if not to sing, ... 65
Why should I love my sport so well, ... 98
With joy we lift our eyes, ... 25

Y

Yea, there are little ones in heaven, ... 171

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

	Hymn
The Holy Scriptures,	1
God, His attributes and works,	7
Praise,	16
Christ,	40
Redemption,	56
Worship,	65
Festivals and Fasts:	
The Lord's Day.	67
Advent,	78
Christmas,	80
End of the Year,	87
New-Year,	88
Epiphany,	91
Lent,	93
Good-Friday	97
Easter,	98
Ascension,	105
Whit-sunday,	107
Trinity-Sunday,	109
Prayer,	111
Sin,	125
Invitation,	129
Faith,	135
Christian life,	137
Sickness,	150
Death,	153
Judgment,	159
Eternity,	160
Missionary,	175
Anniversary,	180
Morning,	188
Evening,	189
Opening School,	190
Closing School,	194
Miscellaneous,	202
Gloria.	

CANTICLES OF THE CHURCH.

Morning Prayer.

Venite, exultemus Domino. Psalm xcv.

O COME, let us sing un- | -to the | Lord ‖ let us heartily rejoice in the | strength · of | our sal- | -vation.

Let us come before his presence | with · thanks- | -giving ‖ and show ourselves | glad · in | him · with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great = | God ‖ and a great | King · a- | -bove · all | gods.

In his hand are all the corners | of · the | earth ‖ and the strength of the | hills · is his = | also.

The sea is his, | and · he | made it ‖ and his hands pre- | -pared · the | dry = | land.

O come, let us worship, | and · fall | down ‖ and kneel be- | -fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

For he is the | Lord · our | God ‖ and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep · of | his = | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness ‖ let the whole earth | stand · in | awe · of | him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge · | the earth ‖ and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo-·-ple | with · his | truth.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son | and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with-· out · end. | A-= | -men.

Gloria in Excelsis.

GLORY be to | God · on | high ‖ and on earth | peace, · good | will · towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy | great = | glory ‖ O Lord God, heavenly King, | God · the | Father · Al- | -mighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the | sins · of the | world ‖ have | mer-= | =cy · up- | -on us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world ‖ have | mer-= | =cy · up- | -on us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world ‖ re- | cei-= | -ve · our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God · the | Father ‖ have | mer-= | =cy up- | -on us.

For thou only | art = | holy, ‖ thou | on-·-ly | art · the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ! with the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost ‖ art most high in the glory of | God · th | Father. · A- | -men.

Te Deum Laudamus.

WE praise | thee, · O | God! ‖ we acknowledge | thee · to | be · the | Lord.

All the earth doth | wor-·-ship | thee ‖ the | Fa-·-ther | ev-·-er- | lasting.

To thee all Angels | cry · a- | -loud ‖ the Heav ens, and | all · the | Powers · there- | -in.

To the Cherubim, and | Ser-·-a | -phim ‖ con- | -tinu-·-al- | -ly · do | cry,

Holy! | Ho-·-ly! | Holy! ‖ Lord | God · of | Sa-·-ba- | -oth;

Heaven and | Earth · are | full ‖ full of the | Majes-·-ty | of · thy | Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles | praise · = | thee ‖ the goodly fellowship of the | Pro-·- phets | praise · = | thee.

The noble army of Martyrs | praise ·= | thee. ‖ the holy Church throughout all the world | doth · ac- | -know-·-ledge | thee;

The Father of an | infi-·-nite | Majesty ‖ thine adorable | true · and | on-·-ly | Son.

Also the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost ‖ the | Com-= | =· forter.

Thou | art · the | King ‖ King of | Glo-·-ry | O · = | Christ.

Thou art the ever- | -last-·-ing | Son ‖ of | = the Fa-·-= | ther.

When thou tookest upon thee to de- | -liv-·-er | man ‖ thou didst humble thyself to be | born · = | of · a | Virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death ‖ thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven · to | all · be- | -lievers.

Thou sittest at the right | hand · of | God ‖ in the | Glo-·-ry | of · the | Father.

We believe that | thou · shalt | come ‖ shalt | come · to | be · our | Judge.

We therefore pray thee | help · thy | servants

whom thou hast redeemed | with · thy | pre-·-cious | blood.

Make them to be numbered | with · thy | Saints ‖ in | glo-·-ry | ev-·-er- | -lasting.

O Lord, | save · thy | people ‖ and | bless · = | = · thine heritage.

Gov- | = · ern | them ‖ and | lift · them up · for | ever.

Day | = · by | day ‖ we | mag-= | = ni-·-fy | thee;

And we | worship · thy | Name ‖ ever | world · = | with-·-out | end.

Vouch- | -safe, · O | Lord ‖ to keep us | this · day | with-·-out | sin.

O Lord, have | mercy · up- | -on us ‖ have | mer-·-cy | up-·-on | us.

O Lord, let thy mercy | be · up- | -on us ‖ as our | trust · = | is · in | thee.

O Lord, in thee | have · I | trusted ‖ let me | nev-·-er | be · con- | -founded.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Heavens, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye waters, that be above the Firmament, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye powers of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Sun and Moon, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Stars of Heaven, bless | ye · the Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Showers and Dew, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Winds of God, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Fire and Heat, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Winter and Summer, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O Ye Dews and Frosts, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Frost and Cold, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Ice and Snow, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Nights and Days, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy him · for | ever.

O ye Light and Darkness, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O let the Earth, | bless · the | Lord ‖ yea, let it praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Mountains and Hills, bless | ye · the ‖

Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Wells, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Seas and Floods, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Children of Men, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O let Israel | bless · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Priests of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Servants of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless | ye · the | Lord ‖ praise him, and | magni-·-fy | him for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with-·-out · end. | A-= | -men.

Jubilate Deo. Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the Lord, | all · ye | lands ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | pre-·-sence | with · a | song.

Be ye sure that the Lord | he · is | God ‖ it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and · the | sheep of · his | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts · with | praise ‖ be thankful unto him, and | speak · good | of · his | Name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ev-·-er- | -lasting ‖ and his truth endureth from gene- | -ration · to | gen-·-er- | -ation.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end | A-= | -men.

Benedictus. St. Luke, i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord | God · of | Israel ‖ for he hath visited, | and · re- | -deemed · his | people;

And hath raised up a mighty sal- | -va-·-tion | for us ‖ in the house | of · his | ser-·-vant | David;

As he spake by the mouth of his | ho-·-ly | Prophets ‖ which have been | since · the | world · be- | -gan;

That we should be saved | from · our | enemies | and from the | hand · of | all · that | hate us.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son | and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-= | -men.

Evening Prayer.

Cantate Domino. Psalm xcviii.

O SING unto the | Lord a · new | song ‖ for | he hath done | marvel-·-lous | things.

With his own right hand, and with his | ho-·-ly | arm ‖ hath he | gotten · him- | -self · the | victory.

The Lord declared | his · sal- | -vation ‖ his righteousness hath he openly showed | in · the | sight · of the | heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house · of | Israel ‖ and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | -va-·-tion | of · our | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all · ye | lands ‖ sing, re- | -joice, · and | give= | thanks.

Praise the Lord up- | -on · the | harp ‖ sing to the harp with a | psalm · of | thanks-= | -giving.

With trumpets | also, ·and | shawms ‖ O show yourselves joyful be- | -fore·the | Lord · the | King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that | there- .-in | is ‖ the round world, and | they · that | dwell · there- | -in.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | -fore · the | Lord ‖ for he | cometh · to | judge·the | earth.

With righteousness shall he | judge · the | world ‖ and the | peo-·-ple | with · = | equity.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out·end. | A-= | -men.

Bonum est confiteri. Psalm xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un- | -to · the. Lord ‖ and to sing praises unto thy | name, · O | Most·= | Highest.

To tell of thy loving kindness early | in·the | morning ‖ and of thy | truth·in the | night·= | season.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | -on·the | lute ‖ upon a loud instrument, | and·up | -on·the | harp.

For thou Lord hast made me glad | through· thy | works ‖ and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | -a-·-tions | of·thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, | and·to the | Son ‖ and | to·the | Ho- -ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out·end. | A-= | -men.

Deus Misereatur. Psalm lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto | us, ·and | bless us ‖ and show us the light of his countenance, and be | mer-·-ci- | -ful·un- | -to us:

That thy way may be | known up-·-on | earth ‖ thy saving | health · a- | -mong · all | nations.

Let the people praise | thee · O | God ‖ yea, let | all · the | peo-·-ple | praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice | and · be | glad ‖ for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | na-·-tions | up-·-on | earth.

Let the people praise | thee, · O | God ‖ yea, let | all · the | peo-·-ple | praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring | forth · her | increase ‖ and God, even our own | God · shall | give us · his | blessing.

God | = · shall | bless us ‖ and all the ends of the | world · shall | fear · = | him.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out·end. | A-= | -men.

Benedic, anima mea. Psalm ciii.

PRAISE the Lord, | O · my | soul ‖ and all that is within me | praise · his | ho-·-ly | Name.

Praise the Lord, | O · my | soul ‖ and for- | -get · not | all · his | benefits;

Who forgiveth | all · thy | sin ‖ and | heal-·-eth | all · thine in- | -firmities;

Who saveth thy | life · from de- | -struction ‖ and crowneth thee with | mercy · and lov-·-ing- | -kindness;

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | -cel · in | strength ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice · of | his · = | word.

O praise the Lord, all | ye · his | hosts ‖ ye servants of | his · that | do · his | pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his · do- | -minion ‖ Praise thou the | Lord, · = | O · my | soul.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-= | -men.

OCCASIONAL SERVICES.

Easter Day.

Instead of the "Venite."

CHRIST our passover is | sacri-·-ficed | for us | therefore | let · us | keep · the | feast;

Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice · and | wickedness ‖ but with the unleavened bread | of · sin- | -cerity · and | truth.

CHRIST being raised from the dead | dieth · no | more ‖ death hath no | more · do- | -min-·-ion | over him.

For in that he died, he died unto | sin · = | once ‖ but in that he liveth, he | liv-·-eth | un-·-to | God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | un-·-to | sin ‖ but alive unto God through | Je-·-sus | Christ · our | Lord.

CHRIST is risen | from · the | dead ‖ and become the first- | -fruits · of | them · that | slept.

For since by | man · came | death ‖ by man came also the resur- | -rec-·-tion | of · the | dead.

For as in | Adam · all | die ‖ even so in Christ shall | all · be | made · a- | -live.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ nd | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-= | -men.

Office of Institution of Ministers.

Laudate nomen.

O PRAISE the Lord; laud ye the | name · of the | Lord ‖ praise it, O ye | ser-·-vants | of · the | Lord.

Ye that stand in the | house · of the | Lord ‖ in the courts of the | house · of | our · = | God.

O praise the Lord, for the | Lord · is | gracious ‖ O sing praises unto his | name · = | for it · is | lovely.

The Lord is | gracious · and | merciful ‖ long-suffering | and · of | great · = | goodness.

The Lord is loving unto | eve-·-ry | man ‖ and his mercy is | o-·-ver | all · his | works.

All thy works praise | thee, · O | Lord ‖ and thy | saints · give | thanks · un- | -to thee.

The Lord doth | build · up Je- | -rusalem ‖ and gather together the | out-·-casts | of · = | Israel.

He healeth those that are | broken · in | heart ‖ and giveth | medicine : to | heal · their | sickness

The Lord's delight is in | them · that | fear him ‖ and put their | trust · in | his · = | mercy

Praise the Lord, | O · Je- | -rusalem ‖ praise | ‖ · thy | God · O | Zion.

For he hath made fast the | bars of · thy | gates ‖ and hath | blessed · thy | children · with- | -in thee.

He maketh peace | in · thy | borders ‖ and filleth thee | with · the | flour · of | wheat.

He is our God, even the God of whom | cometh · sal- | -vation ‖ God is the Lord by | whom · we es- | -cape · = | death.

O God, wonderful art thou in thy | ho-·-ly | places ‖ even the God of Israel, he will give strength and power unto his | peo-·-ple | Blessed · be | God.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-= | -men.

Thanksgiving Day.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises un- | -to · our | God ‖ for it is | pleas-ant · and | praise · is | comely.

The Lord doth | build · up Je- | -rusalem ‖ he gathereth together the | out-·-casts | of · = | Is-rael.

He healeth those that are | broken · in | heart ‖ and | bind-·-eth | up · their | wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and pre-pareth | rain · for the | earth ‖ he maketh the grass to | grow · up- | -on · the | mountains.

He giveth to the | beast · his | food ‖ and to the | young · = | ravens · which | cry.

Praise the Lord, | O · Je- | -rusalem ‖ praise thy | God · = | = · O | Zion.

For he hath strengthened the | bars of · thy | gates ‖ he hath | blessed · thy | children · with- | -in thee.

He ‖ maketh | peace · in thy | borders ‖ and fill-eth thee with the | fi-·-nest | of · the | wheat.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-= | -men.

Burial of the Dead.

From the Thirty-ninth and Ninetieth Psalms.

LORD, let me know mine end, and the number | of · my | days ‖ that I may be certified how | long · I | have · to | live.

Behold thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in re- | -spect · of | thee ‖ and verily every man living is | al-·-to- | ge-·-ther | vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth him- | -self · in | vain ‖ he heapeth up riches, and cannot | tell · = | who · shall | gather them.

And now, Lord, | what is · my | hope? ‖ Truly my hope | is · = | even · in | thee.

Deliver me from | all · mine of- | -fen-ces ‖ and make me not a re- | -buke · un- | -to · the | foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting · a | garment ‖ very man | there-·-fore | is · but | vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord; and with thine ears con- | -sider · my | calling ‖ hold not thy | peace · = | at · my | tears.

For I am a stranger with thee | and · a | sojourner ‖ as | all · my | fa-·-thers | were.

O spare me a little that I may re- | -cover · my | strength ‖ before I go hence | and · be | no · more seen.

Lord, thou hast | been · our | refuge ‖ from one gener- | -a-·-tion | to · an- | -other.

Before the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth and the | world · were | made ‖ thou art God from everlasting, and | world · with | -out · = | end.

Thou turnest man | to · de- | -struction ‖ again thou sayest, Come a- | -gain · ye | children · of | men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are | but · as | yesterday ‖ seeing that is past | as · a | watch · in the | night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even | as · a | sleep ‖ and fade away | sudden-·-ly | like · the | grass.

In the morning it is green and | grow-·-eth | up ‖ but in the evening it is cut | down, · dried | up · and | withered.

For we consume away in | thy · dis- | -pleasure ‖ and are afraid at thy | wrath-·-ful | in-·-dig- | nation.

Thou hast set our mis- | -deeds · be- | -fore thee ‖ and our secret sins in the | light · of | thy · = | countenance.

For when thou art angry all our | days · are | gone. ‖ We bring our years to an end, as it | were · a | tale · that is | told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but | labor · and | sorrow ‖ so soon passeth it a- | -way · and | we · are | gone.

So teach us to | number · our | days ‖ that we may ap- | -ply · our | hearts · unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-— | -men.

Magnificat.

MY soul doth magni- | -fy the | Lord; ‖ and my spirit hath re- | -joiced in | God my | Saviour.

For he | hath re- | -garded ‖ the lowli- | -ness of | his hand- | -maiden;

For behold, | from hence- | -forth ‖ all gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy | is his | name; ‖ and his mercy is on them that fear him, through- | -out all | gene- | rations.

He hath shewed strength | with his | arm; ‖ he hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | -nation | of their | hearts.

He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, ‖ and hath exalted the | humble | and the | meek.

He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, ‖ and the rich he | hath sent | empty a- | -way.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his | servant | Israel, ‖ as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed, for- | -ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to · the | Ho-·-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be ‖ world with- | -out · end. | A-— | -men.

THE

Church Catechism:

THAT IS TO SAY,

AN INSTRUCTION,

TO BE LEARNED BY EVERY PERSON BEFORE HE BE BROUGHT TO BE CONFIRMED BY THE BISHOP.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE,
2 Bible House, New-York.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

Question. What is your name?

Answer. N. or M.

Q. Who gave you this name?

A. My Sponsors in Baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Q. What did your Sponsors then for you?

A. They did promise and vow three things in my name: First, that I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; Secondly,

that I should believe all the articles of the Christian Faith; and Thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Q. Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do as they have promised for thee?

A. Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will. And I heartily thank our heavenly Father, that He hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour: and I pray unto God to give me His grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.

Catechist. Rehearse the Articles of thy Belief.

Answer. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, The Communion of Saints; The forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body; And the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn in these Articles of thy Belief?

A. First, I learn to believe in God

the Father, who hath made me, and all the world.

Secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed me and all mankind.

Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the people of God.

Q. You said that your Sponsors did promise for you, that you should keep God's commandments; Tell me how many there are?

A. Ten.

Q. Which are they?

A. The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have none other gods but me.

II. Thou shalt not make to thy-

self any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and show mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.

IV. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh

day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: Wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt do no murder.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn by these Commandments?

A. I learn two things; my duty toward God, and my duty toward my neighbor.

Q. What is thy duty toward God?

A. My duty toward God is, to believe in Him; to fear Him; and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship Him; to give Him thanks; to put my whole trust in Him; to call upon Him; to honor His holy Name and

His word; and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.

Q. What is thy duty toward thy neighbor?

A. My duty toward my neighbor is, to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me: To love, honor, and succor my father and mother: To honor and obey the civil authority: To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters: To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters: To hurt nobody by word or deed: To be true and just in all my dealings: To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart: To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering: To keep my body in tem-

perance, soberness, and chastity: Not to covet or desire other men's goods; but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

Catechist. My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer: Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer.

A. Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive

those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

Q. What desirest thou of God in this prayer?

A. I desire my Lord God, our heavenly Father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do: And I pray unto God, that He will send us all things that are needful both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers both of soul and body; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our spiritual enemy, and from everlast-

ing death: And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore I say Amen: So be it.

Q. How many Sacraments hath Christ ordained in His Church?

A. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation: that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.

Q. What meanest thou by this word *Sacrament?*

A. I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us; ordained by Christ Himself: as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

Q. How many parts are there in a sacrament?

A. Two; the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

Q. What is the outward visible sign, or form of Baptism?

A. Water; wherein the person is baptized, *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace?

A. A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness: For being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

Q. What is required of persons to be baptized?

A. Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and Faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the prom-

ises of God made to them in that Sacrament.

Q. Why then are infants baptized, when, by reason of their tender age, they can not perform them?

A. Because they promise them both by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform.

Q. Why was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?

A. For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

Q. What is the outward part or sign of the Lord's Supper?

A. Bread and Wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

Q. What is the inward part, or thing signified?

A. The body and blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.

Q. What are the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby?

A. The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

Q. What is required of those who come to the Lord's Supper?

A. To examine themselves, whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life; have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of His death; and be in charity with all men.

DEC 29 [illegible]

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: August 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 479 577 5